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Palms in the Dust

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Beyond the tomb there is life; if we sleep, it is only for a moment, that we may catch our breath, change our mortal clothing for the garments of immortality, and then push joyfully on with Him who has gone this way before us.

—Rev. Walter J. Graig.

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AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

"Keep Busy Till I Come"

The interesting account of Dr. David J. Fant's activities, in the last issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, cheered many readers. Dr. Fant's powerful messages given at the Prophetic Conference in New York have found their way into British magazines. The critics are silent. The glorious Hope of our Lord's Return is an intensely practical one. All the missionaries should take to heart our Lord's words: "Occupy till I come." One translator renders this passage, "Keep busy till I appear!" while another (a free translation) puts it, "Be venturesome till I come."

Dr. Orson Palmer, the Founder of the Fellowship, wrote a unique booklet: "What Next?" This is what we are all asking in regard to European dictators and false peace promoters. Dear tested missionary on the field, cheer up! It is your privilege to pull the blinded souls out of the fire. "What next?" do you ask? Go forward, be venturesome for your Lord and Master. Fear not the lion of hell; he has been overthrown by the Lamb of Calvary! The message of the Cross is the power of God. Read prayerfully the first three chapters of Revelation. It was my friend Evan Roberts (God's leader in the Welsh Revival) who thrilled me and set me praying about those three glorious chapters in God's Word. Do not fear Communism, or any No-Godism. God's sharp two-edged sword shall fling back the enemy. The mighty Name of Jesus terrifies the false peacemakers. There is no peace for the wicked.

Therefore you can venture to attempt the impossible. "A thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one." Sing it. Shout it. Laugh at the cowardly, boastful deceiver. "Best of all," said John Wesley, "God is with us." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!" The demons knew Christ. They trembled. They will know Christ in us, therefore "Be of good cheer." Read Matthew. Do not allow your busy hands to starve your hungry heart. Feed on God's Word. Turn it into prayer. Occupy, Occupy, Occupy with every ounce of strength, till your Lord appears.

Yours for a daring and venturesome faith,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

4 Eldon House, Lansdowne Road, Croydon, England.

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Palms in the Dust

by the REV. WALTER J. GRAIG

A Palm Sunday Sermon preached at Westminster Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

Matthew says of the Palm Sunday appearance by our Lord (21.8): "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and spread them in the way." You remember that Jesus as a boy was so impressed with the wonders of His native city of Jerusalem that He stayed on in the Temple, after His parents and friends had departed for home. I suppose it was because He had been taught to revere His teachers, as a boy, and He had heard so much of the glories of the city of His fathers, that He was thus deeply impressed.

But now, near the close of His earthly ministry, when He set His face to go to Jerusalem, it was not because He was impressed with the splendor of it. It was because He was depressed. It was because He was thinking rather of the contradictions that abounded in this city. Of course it was the capital of religious Jewry, of His fathers. But it was the center, too, of jealousy, selfishness, and prejudice. It was officially alive with laws and with the customs of His people, and it was to this city that all the people, wherever they lived in Jewry, gathered. But the city was fast decaying, so far as its real religious life was concerned, while law and custom grew and flourished. These contrasts abounded in the city to such an extent that Jesus was impressed with the hollowness of it all.

As He swept around the brow of the hill of Olivet on that day, and saw the turrets of the magnificent public buildings that clustered in the very heart of the city, He was reminded of the religious aspirations of His race, those religious aspirations that gathered about the past, and which were so glorious and so meaningful. And then, as His eyes drank in the panorama which He saw spread before Him, and all the glory of it, probably He was hopeful within His heart that this native city of His fathers might repent, and yet become the pure New Jerusalem concerning which the prophets had spoken. As He looked down into the heart of this city, it was a city of life. Children were playing in the market-place, and mothers doubtless were singing to their babies as they rocked the cradle, and regiments were marching in the streets below. Light, movement, and life everywhere! For, you see, it was the Passover season, and old friends were greeting each other, and eyes were lit with the warmth of recollection, and people were revelling in the scene, which had to do with the re-knitting of old ties, and the re-kindling of the religious aspirations of the race. Life, life was everywhere about Jesus, with that indistinguishable murmur that always arises where a crowd gathers.

Yet though there was life everywhere, in Jesus' mind this was no life, as He looked across the valley to the heart of the city; and we read that, looking, Jesus wept. Once before, the record tells us that Jesus wept. But it is the contrast that impresses one. For you remember, the first time Jesus wept, it was at the tomb of His friend Lazarus. Then He was weeping for death, and what death had done in the world of men, as He saw it still regnant in its power over life. But, you see, here on the mountain, it was not tears over death; rather was it tears over life, tears of Divine compassion for the living, tears over that which might have been in the hearts of Jewry, tears because this was the day of visitation for this people and for this city.

And though He stood on the brow of the hill, offering them life, yet the record says, "They knew not the day of their visitation." And Jesus said, "If thou hadst only known, O Jerusalem, the things that belonged to thy peace! But the hour is late, the hour is too late, and now they are hidden from thine eyes."

The impatient crowd interrupted Jesus' emotions, for this was *their* day, it was the day of their Great Feast, and hopes beat high, doubtless, that this extraordinary Rabbi, whose name was upon every lip, might prove to be their deliverer. They took Jesus, and they set Him on a colt, and they began to sing the old marching songs of their race: "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord, Hosanna to the Son of David!" He that cometh in the Name of the Lord of all the people, they thought, shall be our deliverer. And so, you see, hope rose high in their spirits, and leaped like fire from heart to heart. They had no presents for their King, and so they took off their garments and spread them in the way. They had no banner to wave before their King, and so they pulled down branches from the palm trees and carpeted His path.

But when the night had pushed westward the day, and the purple shadows mantled the land, by the feeble light that came from the tents of the pilgrims, there lay revealed a winding path down the mountain-side, and the withered, trampled palms of that strange day,—palms in the dust. You see, those palms which the pilgrims tore down from the trees were not meant to be trampled in the dust. They were meant to be waved on high in the triumph. But, you know, that is what happens when our ideals are lowered, our enthusiasms melt away, our loyalty is permitted to wane,—palms in the dust. So the alternatives of that first Palm Sunday seem fairly to spring at us out of the story which we read today, and it is as potent now as on that first day when Jesus rode down from the hill into the heart of His native city.

The first alternative is: Mars or home. For, you see, the Triumphal Entry began with the little village of Bethany, where Jesus had been staying with His friends. And I think Bethany may be used as a symbol of quiet homes, where life flows on in an easy way, as we converse in love with one another, and hopes beat high, where there are books and music and laughter, and loving fellowship, gathered about the common hearth. But if the journey of Jesus began in Bethany, the place of the home, it ended in Jerusalem. And Jerusalem was the place of sensuality and greed and oppression and cruelty, a city which carried within itself those mighty forces which have within them the end of penalty and retribution.

Now Jesus, I think, would have preferred to have stayed in Bethany, the place of the home, and love, and understanding, where His friends gathered about Him, and warmly received Him. And He said of Jerusalem, "The time has even now come when war shall rise against you, and there shall not be left within you one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." And you see, it did come, for soon the armies of Titus encamped beneath the walls of the city, and there was not left one stone upon another.

Mankind, I think, is forever devoting itself to these alternatives. For it is a sustaining blessing in one's life to have his own hearth and fireside, and someone there who deeply cares whether he comes home or not, and growing children in whom his hopes reside. No altar where men worship exerts a greater influence, or is fraught with greater possibility for the human race, than the altar of the home. But always, you know, there is a rival altar: it is the altar of Mars. And to this altar the enemies of peace are always trying to lead people, and always trying to lead our children, that there they may be sacrificed to greed and to hate and to nationalism. How

wise was Jesus when one day He took a little child, and set the child in the midst of the disciples. For there He made that little child-heart the criterion of all that He proposed to do for the world of men: becoming like a child, the test of spiritual grace; welcoming a child, the test of receiving the Divine gift; wronging a child, so terrible, said Jesus, that it were better that the one who perpetrated the deed should have a millstone fastened about his neck, and should be cast into oblivion.

In 1809, the world was serving the god of war. Napoleon was in the saddle, and his battles and victories were the dominant news of the day. And then, in that same year 1809, we read that here and there, in certain homes, some babies were born. In the same year, Abraham Lincoln, Poe, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson, and Mendelssohn. And how gloriously the God of homes triumphed over the god Mars! Isn't that a lesson for this day in which we live, in this year, when the world is darkened by the threat of atomic might, and ether-waves are jammed with the threats and with the counter-threats of the nations, and cold war is going on, while we are swollen with poisonous pride and ego and pomp, and prepare our children and prepare our youth for another march to Calvary? A thinking person just cannot close his eyes to the alternatives that face our race today. For we stand once again beween the god of our wars and the Christ of our homes.

It ought to be clear to all those of us who seek honestly to follow Christ that there can be but one choice. Force restrains, but it never releases. It bears down, but it never builds. It destroys, but it never creates. Only love in human relationships can hope to preserve this world and this civilization as we know it today. And I believe our danger lies in the possibility that we will become discouraged, that we shall give up in the quest of peace, and throw down the palms of our hopes where they will lie withered and trampled in the dust of this world.

Jesus too might have taken the easy way. He might have given in to the ideas of the crowd, and have permitted the throng to crown Him King. But Jesus knew that that was not the answer, and centuries have vindicated His truth that in the world of men there are just two powers, the spirit and the sword. And in the long run the sword will always be conquered by the spirit. When we believe that, when we believe that the spirit will prevail, then we are waving the palms of our devotion before the God of our homes. And when we refuse to believe it, we are throwing down the palms of our devotion in the dust, and taking up the sword of the god Mars.

And then there is a second alternative: civilization or culture. For, you see, Jesus might have used the trappings of royalty that day, and He might have greatly pleased the crowd. But Jesus would have none of it. No prancing horse from Arabia, no glitter and braid—only a borrowed colt, a ludicrous animal, a beast of burden. And in such fashion Jesus made His triumphal entry. For generations we have been busy in building a civilization, so called, a complexity of gadgets by which men profess to live; building, until recently, I believe, optimistically, because we believed that if we amassed these things that come from our hand and our brain, we were on our way to the Golden Age. And now mankind, with its hands filled with devices, stands as bewildered and unhappy, I think, as any generation of men that ever lived. For success is not money, or social position, or, as Jesus well knew that day on the Mount, in the applause of the mutitude. Real success is in depth of character. For life is not measured by length of years, but by our sympathies and our interests, by our aims and our aspirations, by life's outreach rather than its grasp. What if it does take us to Calvary? For, you know, Calvary is just where all earthly pomp and pride pass away, and only love and peace and truth matter to the soul.

Jesus wept that day above His native city, not because He was stirred to emotion as He thought of the city of His fathers, not because patriotic fervor brought tears to His eyes, but because He knew that the nation was a hollow shell, spiritually dead, without hope in the world. Sometimes I think it is not difficult for us, as parents, to hand down to our children our civilization; for you know, when it comes to civilization, we can itemize it all in our wills, and we can say, "You can have this, and you can have that." But Christian culture is something different. And it is difficult sometimes for us to hand down to our children that profound spiritual culture. Civilization is merely what we use, culture is what we are. What a tragic recollection we have of a young man who came one day to Jesus, and said to Him, "I want to know more about your kingdom; for whatever it is, I know you have the solution to life's problems, and your kingdom must be exceedingly beautiful." But when Jesus told him of what His Kingdom consists, the young man went away sorrowful; for his kingdom was vast, and it was the kingdom of this world. He and the Palm Sunday multitude, you see, placed their emphasis upon civilization instead of culture. They could see only the temporalities, and so they left the Christ of Christian culture to ride down the hill, undefended, to His Cross of suffering. Again we see palms in the dust.

And finally, the third alternative that we face, one that also faced the Palm Sunday crowd on that first day, is this: Pilate or Christ. Pilate represents temporary expediency, but Christ represents eternal verity. Over Pilate's shoulders Rome draped her royal purple. Through his eyes Caesar looked over Palestine as a place of exploitation for his own selfish ends. He represented the voice of the greatest pagan empire ever known. And what of the gentile Galilean, deserted by His friends, repudiated by His countrymen, rejected by the throngs; and love and brotherhood and a spiritual kingdom, and a fatherly God, and a far-away peace—what chance had these to survive? And yet you remember that Pilate only continues in our thought because he failed in a great spiritual crisis. Jesus still rides on, conquering and to conquer, over empires and the hearts of men.

Of course, in a given day, the forces of Pilate are always victorious. Pilate said, "I have power to release you." And many there are today who are willing and eager to follow any political system which offers temporary gain and present security. But these political systems have fallen one after another, like children's toppling blocks, while Jesus' way of life goes on to haunt the conscience of the world, and to dare the world to follow. Walter Lippmann said a very revealing thing when he said of our generation: "We are victims of vacuity." Something has gone from us, something without which we now feel empty and lonely and frustrated. Can that something be the One who rode down the way of the palms long ago? Is life for you a confusion and a chaos? Are you moving along with the crowd, shouting and waving and applauding just because it seems the thing to do, to make our day noisy with emptiness? Are you trying to do those things that bring only confusion in your own heart, and absence of order in your own life? Are you trying to live your life without a plan?

The story is told of a man who had been away from his family for some time, and when he returned, he brought the children a jigsaw puzzle, which was the map of the United States. The man, when he gave it to his children, thought, "This will entertain them for many days, for it will be most difficult to put the pieces together." But then, just a few hours later, there came from the other room, where the children were working on this jigsaw puzzle, a shout of triumph. He was amazed, for they had completed the

formation of the map. And then they told him the secret. For they had discovered on the back of the puzzle the picture of Abraham Lincoln, and once they got that clue, they were able to put the pieces of the puzzle together.

Now life, which is so often a jigsaw puzzle in all its confusion and lack of meaning, can quickly become orderly and logical, if we begin with the picture of Jesus. Then shall the palms be lifted from the dust, to be waved in splendor at the triumphal entry of Him whose is the right to reign over our lives, and over the lives of mankind, for ever and ever.

O Thou who didst ride down into Thine ancient city on that first Palm Sunday, ride down today over our human hopes, and our defeated wills, and our high-hearted projects, so that at the end of the road of this day we may find Thee, and crown Thee Lord of lords and King of kings. By the bitter pain and passion of the Cross which awaited Thee in the city which was Thine own, and which refused to open its gates to Thee as its rightful King: subdue, O God, the passions and the noise and the tumults of our hearts, and the hearts of the nations of the world, that this day may be the day of divine visitation and of grace. Amen.

Patient Prayer

"Woe is me if I pray not."

My dear praying friends:-

At the time of the election in the States, there came over us here a deep sense of the importance of the man who should be chosen to the most responsible place in the world; and in order to do our part, we joined the many who fasted and prayed the three days preceding the election. And still we cease not to ask counsel and wisdom in all matters for those who occupy the White House.

And as we pray alone and in groups, there has come over us a deepened sense of need and helplessness, over againt the sins and sorrows, the dangers and fears, the actual conditions of France. The prices are rising daily because of the worthlessness of the franc, and the Communists are marching ahead, taking advantage of this condition. God alone is sufficient, and all our expectation is from Him. And thus we pray more and more for His power, not only here but everywhere, for a reviving of the Body of Christ, for what is needed to perfect that which concerns His own, and the calling out from among Jews and Gentiles.

And then we have had the joy of seeing souls saved, right along, and a few young men have followed Him in baptism. Our weekly meetings, open to all, Jew and Gentile, have been blessed indeed, the rooms filled to capacity. To these gatherings a Swiss brother, a deeply spiritual and yielded young man, speaks; his messages are penetrating, the Living Word is heard. You who love the Lord, take this man into your believing, daily prayers. He is at present in North Africa for a two months' evangelistic trip, and God is with him. He wrote about a meeting of 480 Jews, and 250 children came later, and hundreds of Mohammedans attended other meetings. God has answered the prayers of many; He goeth before and doeth His wondrous work. In the young man's absence, we have the privilege of having his parents among us.

There has been quite a fine response from the Jews to the books of Dr. Cooper, and we continue to follow up both with prayer and with corres-

pondence. All known Jews in Nice have had more literature sent to them, and we visit as much as possible. The learned Jew, who accepted Christ in prison, and to whom we had a varied ministry, writes from London, where he has found a home for his family, and where the Mission to the Jews gave him a hearty welcome; and it seems that the Scripture Gift Mission is interested in his linguistic capacities.

There is much to say about our visits among the Jews; the growing anti-Semitism, the uncertainty of everything, have given open ears, if not hearts, to the whole situation, in the light of fulfilled prophecy. We have here to do with intellectual Jews, but there are also poor old Jews who have settled here on the coast on account of the mild climate, and some come to us for a weekly dinner; there is one interested and, we believe, on her way. Pray for all who listen, for all who are interested—requests for New Testaments are many—and remember the poor and distressed ones. There is much joy in our service to prisoners—their letters melt one's heart. It is strengthening to our faith to hear of new ones who have accepted the Lord, and who are living, behind the bars, a life of joy and peace.

In our world-wide intercession on Wednesday, when we pray around the world, covering as it were, all who are out in His service, we remember you all, who have been with us from the beginning, thanking Him for all the blessings and help received, for Christmas greetings and gifts, for all prayer and fellowship; and with many, many thanks and warm greetings,

I remain, yours by grace,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

(Exquisite personal notes, accompanying this letter, and coming separately, must be shared with our readers, at least in part. Though they were not meant for publication, we feel that we have no right to hold them back, for through them you may come to know this beautiful soul more fully.)

My beloved sister Ruth, just a loving greeting, with thanks for all your tender and concerned interest in even me. As I read your appeal on my behalf, mentioning that there was less interest in me and my service, I only want to tell you that I can get along on very little. So only send what He gives. One hundred dollars monthly (which, in view of the government fixed rate, is below its actual worth) is considered the absolute minimum for living expenses; a postman has more, and he complains. I use what you send for all my expenses for help, both in the house, and for typing, and postal counts of thousands of letters and parcels sent out. Yet I know how to be without as well as to abound. I did not spend several war years in France, without a penny, for nothing; I have not since then bought myself a woolen dress. And I might sell my good piano, which my Rabbi friend found for me at a very reasonable price; I can get much more now, and I can get along with a small harmonium. So do not worry, or spend anything on me outside the Lord's own provision. I shall always be yours in good and evil days.

As the interesting "Holy Land Today" arrived in this morning's mail, it reminded me of writing to you, and it is first of all to thank you for all that came at Christmas. We enjoyed, with many others, the turkey dinner; we had some friends in, and later on I prepared, out of the remainder, extra dishes for those who had nothing—and there were many of them, and I assure you that many thought of you with grateful hearts.

The passing of Dr. Dowkontt and Dr. Simmons, who both have been such friends of ours in the mission, must have touched you deeply. We think and pray for the bereaved ones. And how good that your beloved pastor came

into our work; yes, he looks so fine, and we need spiritual fellow-workers.

We are working in various ways, and we see His salvation. . . . I have recovered from the "flu" which is raging in France; I feel well. . . . If you have too much to do, just leave my requests alone; one always gets along somehow. Thank you for the calendar; I have placed it where I can see and remember. My dear sister is lying constantly in bed; my one prayer for her is a new revelation of the Saviour, and a gracious home-going. All my love and appreciation for all you do, and all you are.

(This is the woman to whom we have had to say: "There is less in your account than there used to be . . . gifts are falling off . . . people do not seem to care . . . ")

Our World at a Glance

In March our brother John Kovalchuk wrote us from ARGENTINA, apologizing for the delay of his letter, and reporting that while returning from a meeting in the colony of Eskandinavia, he was riding in a two-wheeled cart, when the horse gave a sudden start and he was thrown out, landing on his head on the hard road. He suffered injuries to his left side, and the lungs were affected. The pain was excruciating. The doctor gave him injections of streptomycin and penicillin. An X-ray revealed that no bones were broken, but he is still taking medicine and must have several more "shots." He concludes: "Truly the life of man passes away as a vapor. Let us redeem the time, because the days are evil. . . . We rejoice and thank God that Rev. Walter J. Graig has taken upon himself the responsibilities of the President of our society. We pray that the Lord may bless him abundantly, both in his service in the Church, and also with us, wherever he labors. Daily we bring before God, in our prayers, all of you, and we are always thankful to God for you." We ask our readers to remember Brother Kovalchuk especially during his slow recovery from this very painful accident. (John, was that the right way to celebrate your twenty-fifth year with us?)

Brother Fred Stettler writes from SWITZERLAND that there is great hunger for Christian literature, especially among the refugees who have been pouring into Berlin. This material is even smuggled in behind the Iron Curtain, in various ways. "As soon as the Christian message is publicly persecuted and rooted out, there are any number of courageous souls who will die for it if needs be. All the prayers for revival can never do what the suppression of Christianity will do to the Church." He looks forward with joy to the prospect of teaching a young people's Bible course, up in the Alps. Spring has come to Switzerland, after a hard, cold winter. Tabea, the Stettlers' youngest daughter, has passed the examination for the secondary school; out of fifteen in her class, she was one of six who were accepted. Our brother concludes: "In the meanwhile the 'mightiest' man, Stalin, had to meet a greater than himself. His death is quite surely the most important event since the end of the war. Watchfulness in Europe is more necessary than ever. We know God will speak the last word. Now I did not want to go into politics, but many of us were actually sighing when this million-fold terror was no more. And his mother was a godly woman who wanted him to be a priest."

Our faithful and beloved sister, Jean Rhode, writes from FLORIDA: "Wonderful openings in reaching the Jews here are encouraging my soul. There are some two hundred Jewish guests in one of the health spas near St.

Petersburg. Yesterday liberty was given me to go among perhaps fifty or sixty persons in this one resort. Conversation was possible and profitable with a number of them. No one resented the so-called intrusion. Nearly everyone accepted Bible portions or literature. New hotels are going up along the Gulf beaches. A number of them are Jewish, giving us new and greater opportunities to witness."

Rev. Guido Waldemar Oliveira, in PORTUGAL, writes of his four-page quarterly paper, *Correio Evangelico*, of which 7000 copies are printed each time, as he says, "to become a blessing for an equal number of readers throughout our country, and to produce further applications for more and more evangelistic literature. Among people who write to me to ask for such literature are patients in hospitals and sanatoria, as well as convicts in prison, for whom our literature is a comfort and a blessing. How much I need the prayers and help of God's people to continue in this battle, amidst all difficulties and hindrances! Please never cease to support us at the Throne of Grace, and in all the ways that the Lord may show and enable you, that there may not be any interruption, and that we may not only maintain the present work, but even improve and increase it, as it is so much needed." The landlord has increased the rent of the room where Brother Oliveira's Church meets, by fifty per cent, which the congregation has trouble in meeting. Other Churches elsewhere in Lisbon and its environs report similar difficulties. Also, some of those who have been aiding with the publication of the *Correio Evangelico* have found it necessary to reduce their gifts, and Brother Oliveira is thus faced, humanly speaking, with the need of retrenching, just when he would most wish to expand the paper and increase its circulation.

Our dear brother and former missionary in Europe, Rev. Philip Manetz, now works and serves the Lord in NEW YORK CITY, together with his wife, Elfrieda. In answer to a question from us, he writes: "Yes, our Mary is a big girl, almost as tall as I am, taller than her mother. In May she will be fourteen years old. But, poor girl, she has been ailing almost all her young life. Since last September she has been in a hospital in Ithaca, New York. Here, on March 10th, she had an operation on her left lung. Thank God, the operation was successful. Pray that God may heal her both spiritually and physically. My wife also is far from well. Please pray for her. The Lord be with you." Our readers will join with us in intercession for this consecrated and afflicted family.

Queen Juliana of THE NETHERLANDS issued a radio appeal to the Dutch people to have faith in God as they faced the staggering task of recovering from the worst floods that have struck their country in five hundred years. There are 1372 known dead, one-sixth of the country's farmland is ruined, and one million of the nation's 10,500,000 population are in distress, at least 300,000 of them being left completely destitute. "God now calls upon our powers of resilience and upon our faith in Him," the Queen said. "All these sufferings lead but to one deliverance, for the living as well as the dead, and that is in the mercy of God working in every one of us. Where there is distress, God's blessing is near." The answer to why the Dutch people have been so tried, she said, is known "only to Him who knows when to call each of His children to His presence and who knows what ordeals and trials we are able to sustain individually and collectively." (Material in this paragraph condensed from "Youth on the March," February 26, 1953, pp. 9-10.)

Pastor Charles Hennig writes from West GERMANY that the refugee problem is becoming acute. There is a serious food shortage in the East Zone, so that the churches and the government of Western Germany are trying

to help with food packages, etc. Worse than the poor living conditions, however, is the absolute lack of freedom of speech. He writes: "In February 30,000 refugees came to Berlin, in March 40,000 are expected. Altogether, there are 250,000 refugees staying in Berlin, which was a city of some four million inhabitants before the war. Of course, they can't all live in Berlin, where they stay in empty factory halls, just having room to lie down during the night. They own nothing, because when leaving home they can't take more with them than for going shopping; the police would see it, and they would never get to Berlin. Now this immense number of refugees is being distributed through Western Germany. Our town of 32,000 inhabitants got seventy families during one week, and will get thirty more refugees each month. Remembering gratefully your faithful help during the years after the war, we ask you again for your help, and to send us especially clothing as soon as possible, because it is more than a social and political problem." Articles sent to the Fellowship, designated for this brother, will be forwarded.

Pastor Max Monsky, in a circular letter sent last December to his believing brethren in AUSTRIA, outlined a schedule of activity for 1953 which might well dismay a man owning to much less than his admitted seventy-seven years. He occupies himself with Bible teaching, street preaching, and many related activities, throughout Austria and elsewhere. "In the evening of my life," he says, "after more than fifty years of service to the Gospel in Austria, I ask you for your aid in its further development. You, and the recipients of your help, will both receive a rich blessing."

The American Tract Society has been sending thousands of tracts to KOREA, where there is great hunger for Christian literature, both among natives, and among Americans stationed on what the Society well calls "the peninsula of heartbreak and tears." Hearts are longing for the message of salvation. The natives eagerly grasp whatever material is passed out to them, which is a challenge to born-again Christians to stand behind those organizations which are distributing the true Word of God.

Here in blessed AMERICA, the faithful friends and supporters of our Fellowship continue to amaze us by their kindness and patience as we seek to deal with the vast quantities of mail which have been flooding our office; not all even of the Christmas greetings have yet been acknowledged, though now Easter is past. Time, patience, and most of all the grace of God, are needed. We give a few extracts from some of the beautiful letters we have been receiving.

"It is really wonderful, is it not, to have friends we have never seen, yet who *are* friends in Him. I appreciate your letters and interest, and love you much, as I get to know you better each time I get the Fellowship paper, so that I am close to you in spirit, and as a co-worker in prayer for all dear to your heart. Those precious ones who write—and their needs—how I long to help more financially, but I *can* pray, and God can supply, if I cannot. May God bless you with His riches, according to His mighty power, and all members of the Fellowship family."

"We have just received the bi-monthly E. H. F. We have read all of it, and have just been overwhelmed by the grace that our Most High Lord and Saviour has given to His people, that we may pray, work and toil in His behalf. What wondrous grace! Surely, when we read the reports from the different laborers in His vineyard, we find the same feeling running through almost all of them: Could only more be done, there is such a great need. Such work must often be heartbreaking, we are sure. This was already so in our Saviour's day, for He rendered the word to us: The harvest is already white. You can be sure our hearts go out to these laborers to whom the A. E. F. renders such kindness, as forwarding moneys, food and clothes, and

last but not least, prayers for all of these, those working and those that receive."

"Your September-October magazine with the account of the transfer of Dr. Dowkontt on August 14th, as also your humble reference to the General Fund, makes me long to respond in a much larger way than is possible. Just passed my 69th birthday, after nine years' retirement from the Baptist ministry. If I might have future copies of your paper it would stimulate prayer. I like your candid statement regarding missionary gifts, and your refraining from coercion of such."

We pray God's blessing upon these and all other kind correspondents, friends and supporters. In closing this section of our survey, we would like to request prayer for a sister church in Yonkers and for a minister's family. Our whole city has been saddened by the passing, at the age of forty-seven, of the Rev. Earl S. Scott, pastor of the First Methodist Church for the past ten years,—a gifted and tireless laborer, and a true friend. Mr. Scott was taken Home just as his congregation prepared to celebrate its 125th year of corporate existence. May God comfort the bereaved ones and guide this Church in its time of sorrow. This minister's example of faith, courage and service will not be forgotten.

And Now – Germany

Regularly every month we receive a detailed report from Charles and Edna Lukesh. Last summer they managed to surmount international red tape sufficiently to make a brief visit to England for a conference. Brother Lukesh writes: "Of course, we had to consider also who would represent us during our absence. We have only one believing couple whom we could trust to take interest in the various camps, to which they had already accompanied us. And though we asked them to visit only those places which could most easily be reached, they had to do some walking, nevertheless. One of their first remarks on our return was 'Oh, for that precious little car!' It would indeed be impossible to reach as many places as we do, without it. They had to meet both little and big folks, and in one place the children complained because we had not come. 'Don't you want us to come?' our friend inquired. 'Oh, yes, we do, but we want you *all* to come!' The work among the little ones is the most encouraging, as they are free of prejudices and 'churchy' notions. If the older folks just would not interfere, the little ones would be ready to accept the Word of God."

A combination of circumstances led them to decide, suddenly, that the long-desired trip was possible. There was little time for preparation, and so they arrived in London before their letters, and descended unexpectedly upon their friends, who fortunately could put them up in their own house. Charles continues: "In that section of London, four one-family houses have been rebuilt from the ruins of the bombings, and they now house twelve refugee families. With several of them we were already acquainted, and what a difference between those and the others! Yet even for these it was most necessary for us to have come, to stir them up. For two evenings we gathered some of them around the Word of God, but the problem was, how to reach the others, scattered as they are in various parts of London. There is transportation available, but it takes too long.

"Other nationalities live in camps, even in London, but our people were so fortunate as to get into these rebuilt houses; however, that means great scattering, all over the town. The earnings are greatly reduced by taxes, so

that a bare living remains for them. To spend that little for traveling, seems like asking too much. It is marvellous what distances they cover on foot. And to add to the problem, the society directing the housing project does not give the addresses of the people, merely transfers messages to such as are known. How then reach anyone outside of personal acquaintance? That would mean a tedious getting acquainted from one to the other. Therefore we sent out messages to such as were known, to gather on our return from Edinburgh, from the conference, where we wanted to stop for a couple of days."

After a pleasant visit, on the way north, with some kind letter-friends who had collected used clothing for them to take back with them, they reached the conference, stayed briefly, then returned to London. "To utilize the time more fully, we rested three times in the car, driving till midnight, resting four hours, and going on. On returning to London, we found how necessary our visit was, and not only for the grown-ups. There is a motley crowd of children in that settlement, whose entertainment is fighting among themselves. Two girls, about thirteen, were called the terror of the settlement, though really only one belonged there. They chummed together, since both attended the same Roman Catholic religious school, and gave evidence of the influence received there. Our first inquiry about getting the children together was met with scorn. Impossible, and where? However, we persuaded a lady, a stranger to us, who had five children, to let us use her room, and from day to day the numbers increased, even the two 'terror' girls coming. The impression made on the little ones was noticeable. One afternoon, when it was doubtful if Mrs. Lukesh could come, they pleaded for it, and one promised: 'We shall stand in line!' All readily dropped their favorite pastime, to be on hand. What a change it would make, if real interest could be shown, even though the enemy would try to hinder, under religious pretensions."

Special meetings were also held for adults, to encourage and build them up in the faith. Observing that the wife of one of the most interested men did not come, Brother Lukesh went to her home, and found a language barrier—the woman was German, and did not fully understand English. He was glad to be able to minister to her in her own tongue, and he writes that she is not far from the Kingdom.

Another report gives a full account of their Daily Vacation Bible School activity of last summer, which should have found a place in these pages long ago. A most attractive hand-made illustration was enclosed, showing Paul's vision of the Man of Macedonia (Acts 16). These are drawn by Edna, reproduced on a hand-duplicating machine, and then colored by the children. This one was beautifully done, and we are only sorry that it will not reproduce here. Charles then describes a typical day spent by them in the vacation school work in the camps.

Rising at 7 A.M., after only six hours' sleep, they take a sponge bath, have breakfast, and prepare lunch for the whole day, to be taken in the car. At 9:30 they leave for the camp, taking their equipment, including a folding organ. "About 10:30 the benches will have been put up in the anteroom of the kindergarten, a table with the flannelgraph set up, also the folding organ. Some of the children will have been waiting, and close in with a hearty 'Auntie, Auntie!' as soon as they see us. Others will soon drift in, though the room is not heated yet. A number of children left that Sunday, after singing some songs, to attend the annual festival of the dedication of the village church, even though it is not of their religion. But the merry-go-round is there, free movies, and all that goes with the fair. That shows who are the faithful, interested ones. There are children from one year up to

twelve, as the older ones have to take the little ones along, if they want to come also.

"At 11.45 Mrs. Lukesh carries the folding organ across the camp to the place where the meeting for the older ones is in progress, to play for the closing part. The children's services, because of a variety of nationalities, are in German, while the services for the grown-ups, on Sundays, are usually in Czech. No other room being available, the meeting has to be held in the room of some of the occupants, who may be willing to have us come in. The securing of a room for meetings is one of our standing problems.

"About one o'clock, when the children's room is again in order, and cleared up, we leave for another camp, and eat our lunch somewhere along the way, in the car. We cannot devote much time to it, as we are due in the other place at 2 P.M. For lack of a room, we have been holding the service behind a closed shop, to be out of the breeze, that would blow away the flannelgraph pictures. After the singing, the flannelgraph is fastened to the folding organ and the side of the barracks. Of course, in the open, the meeting is subject to more disturbances from those who do not favor it, large and small, trying to distract the children.

"Because of the variety of places and attendance, we have to prepare our own lessons, in consecutive order. Mrs. Lukesh also draws the leaflets, which are duplicated on a cradle-like hand outfit, something like a blotter. These black and white copies are colored by the children according to a sample colored by Mrs. Lukesh. When there is not room for it, a sample is left in rotation, and the children make it up afterwards. They like to have something to do, and in this way the lesson is impressed on their minds. Nor do they like to miss a lesson, and wherever we go, these leaflets are much in demand. To hand out a printed colored picture would be far from getting the results achieved this way. Besides, it would smack too much of the 'holy pictures' the Romanists give out." There is sound psychology here.

About 4 P.M. the Lukeshes left for another camp, eating their lunch on the way, where the Gospel was again presented, in German, to a crowd of some fifty or sixty; the side of the barracks was again used for an outdoor flannelgraph lesson, which was only terminated by the darkness. Several visits followed, with instruction of inqirers, until about 10.30 P.M. Then our missionaries returned home, had tea, and retired to rest about 12.30 A.M.

In his Christmas report Brother Lukesh complained of the pagan methods used in the celebration of the Lord's birthday. "There is all reason to rejoice in the fulfilled promise of His coming; but certainly the call is not to vain merrymaking, as often used, reminding us of the heathen festivals." He then describes his methods of dealing with several individuals. "Only the work of the Holy Spirit, no excitement, can bring about real salvation that will stand the test of eternity. To work with a steady congregation is quite different from working with a floating population, where most of the people immigrate before we have opportunity to see results." A couple, on the point of leaving for Canada, were baptized by Brother Lukesh at a local church, the first baptism among the refugees. He speaks of the drinking and carousing at Christmas in the camps; the midnight mass; and their own simple, beautiful services, which he describes as follows.

"In several camps we have already presented the Christmas story in flannelgraph, and in two we want to make additional presentation with a group dialogue: 'What Is Christmas?' Six of the participating children will wear a suggestion of the land they represent, no elaborate costume. This will point to the real spirit of Christmas, as also the poems that will be recited even by the smallest ones. Each child will receive a package of some

(*continued on page* 16)

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, February — March, 1953

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

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